Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene: For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eies.

Ho. O Ieſu, hee doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanyed: For though the Cammomile, the more it is trodden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at: ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeberries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: For *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares, not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble cariage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like
and Ile play my father.

Fal. D poſe me, if thou doſt
ly both in word and matter, han
bet-ſucker, or a Poulters hare.

Prince Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſ And heere I ſtand, iud

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence

Falſ. My noble Lord, from

Prince. The complaints I he

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, they
young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Sweareſt thou, vngra
on me, thou art violently carri
uell haunts thee in the likeneſſe
is thy companion: why doſt t
humors, that boulting-hutch o
of Dropſies, that hugebombar
of guttes, that roſted Mannin
his belly, that reuerent Vice, th
fian, that vanity in yeares: whe
and drinke it? wherein neate a
and eate it? wherein cunning,
in Villanie? wherein villanous
thy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace w
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abho
ſtalffe, that old white-bearded S

Fal. My Lord, the man I kn

Fal. But to ſay, I know mo
were to ſay more then I know:
tie) his white haires do witneſſe
uerence) a whoremaſter, that I
be a fault, God helpe the wic
ſinne, then many an old Hoſt
fatte, be to be hated, then *Ph*
No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*

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